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Weyekin Stories

CORNELISON

WEYEKIN STORIES

TITWATIT WEYEKISHNIM

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BY

J. M. CORNELISON

Missionary to the
Umatillas

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The "Weyekin" is the Totem or spirit ally that becomes the informer and protector of a given individual in all his experiences and adventures throughout life. Belief in this Totem or Animal Cult obtains almost universally among the native tribes of North America, and is also found in other parts of the world. It is primitive man's confession of the need of and search for superhuman reinforcement amid the uncertainties of life. Lightning, tempest, flood, and famine are all spirit forces to the savage; all-powerful, dangerous enemies with which he cannot cope unless he has cunning counsel of potent allies. The idea of a Fetish or means of communicating with the Supreme Being also enters.

The term "Weyekin" is both singular and plural. Weyekishnim is the genitive form, softened for euphony. Titwatit Weyekishnim, therefore means Tales of Weyekin.

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FOREWORD

WHILE the missionary was getting the rudiments of the language when he first came here he lived for two years in a tent, camping near some Indian home so as to hear and talk with the people. Living in the dooryard of some Christian family, he joined with them in morning and evening worship. While near one of these homes where several children were growing up, he often heard the little boys, crawling upon their father's knees, clamor in childlike simplicity and interest, "Tota tamtainim ina Itsayeyaiwetset," "Papa tell me about Coyote." Then would follow a long ramble of the mighty deeds and prowess and cunning of the great Coyote, and of other wild creatures. The missionary found himself as ready and interested a listener as the children, for the mother of the family would interpret snatches of the most interesting parts for him.

Any "Hans Andersen" of the Indians will be listened to by the hour both by young and old; and it was in that way that these stories were gathered from different sources and oft-repeated hearings. Many of them begin nowhere and no-when, wandering afar, and ending in the same way. Perhaps these great deeds were the acts of Red braves long ago, who, as generations passed, have been "canonized," or deified.

Philip Minthorn

OBTAINING THE WEYEKIN

The Initiation Ceremonies of Indian Youths

EGINNING from the earliest times the children of the Indians were taught how they might best obtain their Weyekin, which would be their helper, adviser, guide and comforter, both in daily life, in war, in hunting and fishing, in business and in sickness. The instructions were on this wise. The child should rise early, bathe his body carefully by means of sweat bath and cold plunge, and cleanse his mouth far into his throat and stomach with willow twigs. Thus cleansed he should go alone into the woods or along the stream to commune with Nature until such time as some animal, bird, beast or insect should in some manner communicate with him, in the natural way while waking, or while asleep in the visionary or ecstatic way. And what ever came to him and made a pact with him thus should become his Weyekin, his guiding star, his good angel in all after life. This was the normal way to find and get the Weyekin; but it might be obtained in other ways, for the Weyekin, like the wind, "bloweth where it will." So any experience might reveal to the seeker his Weyekin and permit his initiation into the Cult. One person might have a number of Weyekin at his service, especially was this true if he were educating himself to become a big medicine man or "Tuet." For if he was to overcome some special kind of sickness brought upon one of his patients by a different Weyekin, he must have a Weyekin of greater cunning, strength or speed to outwit the other, and so work his cure. These Weyekin could communicate with their devotees by telepathy no matter how great the distance, or what obstacles were to be overcome or enemy blocking the way. So the Indian's world of imagination is peopled with these in-

visible Weyekin who work "malicious animal magnetism" on whom they will. Therefore, the personal Weyekin when found becomes a sacred thing, and even after embracing the Christian faith devotedly, no Indian, I believe, would wilfully destroy his Weyekin. This spiritual alliance is kept secret. One man said to me, "If I told you about my Weyekin maybe it would storm and rain for many days."

The Indian medicine man has the adepts of occult science heavily handicapped, with this innumerable host of Weyekin to work for him. He has practiced the art of spirit communication for centuries, and explains the matter in more simple language, and with less vagaries, than these modern cults.

SOME ACTS OF THE WEYEKIN

TWO boys went fishing and had fair success. Among their catch were some of the Chub fish which are considered very poor eating compared with the Trout species. The boys having enough of the choice kind threw the poor Chubs away to parch and die in the hot sun. But Blacksnake who was a particular friend of the Chub fish saw the cruel deed inflicted on his allies and immediately planned to avenge their death. The boys went home in ignorance of the fact that they were being shadowed by Blacksnake, who took mental note of the house that they entered. At nightfall he returned close to the house, and when the boys came out to go to the nearby stream for water Blacksnake crept up and bit them, and hastened away to his den in the rocks. The boys ran crying to the house and told their mother that a snake had bitten them, and from the swelling it was seen that they must have immediate attention. The distracted mother hastened to call the "Tuet" or medicine man. In

diagnosing the case he learned where the boys had been that day and what they had done. Then by calling on his Weyekin he knew that Blacksnake had done the biting for he was a friend of the Chubs, and had done it for revenge. The only remedy was to secure the very same snake and kill him at once, or the boys would die. It was catching before hanging then as now. Yet that was not so difficult for a man who had three swift, wise and competent Weyekin to aid him. The three Weyekin of this "Tuet" were the Raven, sharp of eye and swift on wing, the Spider with his entangling web, the Toad with his wise stare, and slow but sure pace. These three police Weyekin were at once summoned to duty to arrest the criminal. The raven went in swift pursuit, and found Blacksnake just as he was crawling into his hole in the rocks. He could not enter but sat there to guard till the others of the police could arrive. Then came Spider partly crawling and partly flying in the loose web that he had hastily made with which to trap Blacksnake. But even he was handicaped, for though he could enter the hole he could not work the web to advantage since Blacksnake lay along prone and could not rise to strike at him and be entangled.

All this time the boys were raving in high fever, almost a hydrophobia, and the medicine man was deftly plying his art of song and dance and drumming, both to keep off death and to encourage his Weyekin in their quest. Finally, slow and sure, old Toad came hopping up to where Raven and Spider had Blacksnake at bay, and went bravely into the hole, caught Blacksnake by the tail and dragged him out into the open where the three made a "short order" night lunch of him. At that moment the proverbial turn for the better came in the case of the boys. By their rapid recovery the "Tuet" knew that Blacksnake was dead. There remained nothing more for him to do but collect

his fee for services rendered, which was a goodly sum, being $90 in hard cash, a new saddle, and two ponies.

THE FALL OF THE WEYEKIN

A Greater Than He Is Come

OME thirty-five or forty years ago a poor boy on the Umatilla reservation roamed from tepee to tepee beaten and cuffed wherever he tried to find shelter, until he fled to the next place. Homeless, suffering from hunger and nakedness he came in his extremity to a lodge and found no one present, so creeping under the sides of the tent he discovered and stole fifty cents from a bag and started off with the coin, thinking to buy food with it. As he went remorse smote him and slipping back he returned the stolen money to the bag.

Joining a party of Indians en route to the mountains to hunt, he continued to receive the same ill treatment from them. But there was one dog in the camp that made friends with the boy, becoming his comrade by day and sharing his poor pallet at night. On a dark night, so dark that no mortal could see, this lad realized, plainly as in the day, that he was leaving the tent and going to get a bow and arrow that he saw at a distance sticking in the ground. These his empty hands seized, and he was glad. Listening there for a long time, he heard voices singing behind him and before, beautifully. Those coming from the front approached and told him something of his future life. Coming to himself the next day he discovered that he was lost, but found his way back by following the howlings of his old comrade, the dog, who was lonesome for his playmate. Then he realized that the voice he had heard from behind directing him in the night had been this dog, and the one speaking to him of the future

had been a doe. Wherefore these two animals became his Weyekin. This boy grew to manhood, and as had been foretold, he had many wives, was very adulterous, became a big war dancer, a gambler and a drunkard, spending all his money and time in his search for riotous pleasure. Finally while on one of these revels he was thrown from his horse and was found cut, bruised,

Parsons Motanic

and bleeding, and almost unconscious. While in this condition there came to him his Weyekin to offer help and suggest medicine for his wounds. Then he arose and said to them, "Leave me forever, I am done with you and with this kind of life." "And from that time on," said he, as his soul spoke through gleaming eyes,

"I determined to leave those old customs, as one throws off his coat." He sprang from his chair and almost stripped his garment from him to illustrate his words.

"Then you proposed to follow a greater Weyekin, Jesus Christ, the true Revealed One of God who leads us by His Holy Spirit." And to this he bowed his head in acknowledgment, for the "new man" had supplanted and overcome the "old man." And the channel of thought and superstitious belief worn by centuries of training was cleansed and filled by the Christ of God.

Well do I remember the Sabbath following the episode mentioned, when after the sermon we were in the midst of an experience meeting in which many were bearing a word of testimony, and the missionary was urging others to take a stand for Christ. All eyes turned to a big man, with long hair and a blanket, who had arisen to speak. With quivering lips, and tears pouring down his hard face he spoke somewhat on this wise: "I have been a bad man, in all kinds of wickedness, dancing, gambling, and drinking, and adultery; make it as bad as you can, and I have surpassed any of my friends in it all. But now I am determined, God helping me, to stop that way and from this time on to be on the side of Jesus, and follow Him and to be found with Christian people. All my money I have formerly squandered in the ways of sin when my wife and family needed it, but now I will invest it for their good." There was great rejoicing in the hearts of all. He was examined carefully by the session, and received into the church, and the following Sabbath was baptized. For more than three years under his new Leader he has walked in the faith, one of the most honored and highly respected men in the church and community. He is a trustee and often an office holder in some of the societies of the church. He has a splendid home where night and morning family worship is con-

ducted by himself in a home circle all the members of whom are Christians. On week days he is a steady, successful, up-to-date farmer caring for his own and renting other lands. No happier man can be found on Umatilla reservation than Parsons Motanic.

DEEDS OF COYOTE

OF ALL the Weyekin, or gods of the Northwest tribes none has played so important a part as Coyote. Not that he was more powerful, but rather more cunning and crafty in his dissembling, for he believed in brain rather than brawn. So around Coyote's name gather these most fantastic vagaries, which are the acts of the Weyekin pictured out by the fanciful minds of their devotees. They were handed down from generation to generation, always growing in the transmission, and becoming the oral Bible of the Redman.

Long ago, probably before the advent of man, earth was inhabited by great animals and reptiles who ruled in the world as men do now. At least the imaginative world of the Indian was thus peopled, for he is a careful observer of the works of Nature, and his mind looks underneath for "first causes." Where they do not appear he constructs them to suit the occasion.

Coyote planned to take a long journey east. He went by way of the northern trail, and in so doing he took the route later followed by the Great Northern railroad; and returned in haste by the southern trail, the route later followed by the Union Pacific, traversing these trails long before Lewis and Clark, Astor, Bonneville or Fremont. On his hasty return he was met far on the way by Lark, with a broken leg, who told him more particularly of the dreadful news from the Northwest of which Coyote already had secret information. There had come into the country a great monster that

was destroying all the beasts of the land. For this great being could simply open his enormous mouth and inhale them all, except those that had fled in terror beyond reach of his breath. By this means he obtained his food and overcame his enemies... Finally this monster had come into the territory that is now Idaho, and stopped there upon hearing of another great enemy to be met. As the monster rested he formed a great depression in the earth which became the Kamiah Valley. His head was far down the Clearwater River, his tail away at Stites, and his other members formed the several depressions opening from the valley.

Coyote came bravely on to meet this dread Monster, for being forewarned he was forearmed, and so dauntless. While a great way off he disguised himself by covering his body with dry bunch grass, and took with him as by stealth some pine pitch with which to start a fire. He also secreted three flint knives on his person. Thus prepared he approached the Monster and cried to him, "All my friends and relatives are gone, having been inhaled by you, so now I have no wish to live longer and beg of you to inhale me too." But the Monster feared greatly and refused to speak or to inhale Coyote, for he recognized in him his dreaded enemy. Failing in this device Coyote came on boldly and forced an entrance into the Monster. Proceeding within he found in the stomach of the beast many of his friends that had not yet been destroyed but were held as reserved food until he should feel hungry. Then Coyote saw his opportunity to do a mighty deed. He began to explain his plan of deliverance to all the animals within. But Bear rose up to upbraid Coyote as too presumptuous, whereupon Coyote smote Bear and squeezed his nose, so Bear has to this day a sharp nose. Coyote again regaled the animals, and explaining his plans said, "Friends, do you not see that all of you are in a sad plight, and that this Monster is slowly reduc-

ing you to refuse, but I have come to deliver you, and in this way. All of you get near to the different openings from the body of this Monster, and I will with this flint and pitch start a fire, and then he will relax for a while and if all of you will be quick, and act at the strategic moment, you will be able to make your escape. Then while he is in this relaxed condition I will strike at his heart and vitals to slay him. This plan was followed and all the animals escaped. As all the animals went free Coyote proceeded to kill the Monster by cutting into his heart and other vital organs. He broke one of his knives in the great heart. So in his great rage Coyote tore the heart away with his hands.

The Monster was slain, and Coyote planned to cut him up and from the parts of the dismembered body he decided to create the different nations of men. He took the great stomach of the Monster and cast it into the North country and called into being from it the Spokane people. Hence it is a fact that all the Spokane people have big stomachs for they came from that part. The legs were cast to the Northeast into the Blackfoot country, and so those people are tall and slim. And so it was with the rest of the Monster as the parts were severed and cast away.

When all this great work was over Coyote was very tired, and his hands were dripping with blood. So he said to Fox, "You bring me some water from the river and I will finish my work, and my greatest creation." As he washed his hands and the blood ran down into the ground Coyote said, "From the blood of the hands of the conquering hero shall spring up here the Numipu people, though few in number and small in stature they shall conquer all their enemies." All other tribes were as aliens, but these were the Chosen People.

To the writer as he passed through the beautiful Kamiah Valley, that great and strange depression of the earth, there was pointed out a great stone in the

midst of the valley which is called today "Timene" or "the heart," which organ it resembles, having part cut off as with a knife and the rest torn as Coyote did in his rage when he broke his knife. Not far away are to be seen some other vitals of the Monster. And the contour of the valley, if looked at from the ridge above is said to resemble in contour such a Monster. Here was a result and the cause was reasoned out and explained as we have here described. But a fertile imagination will go a little further and see in the deed of Coyote, giving himself to rescue the other animals, a facsimile of Prometheus bound to the rocky coast because he steals the fire of heaven to benefit humanity. Thus a channel is prepared in the minds of all hearing the story for the teachings of a vicarious death. Again it is not far in imagination from Coyote's creation to the true; "and the rib which Jehovah God had taken from the man, made he a woman." One may be a perversion of the other, or at least let us say that God has not left Himself without a witness in the world.

INTRIGUES OF THE WEYEKIN

IT WAS not always peace and harmony in the abode of Coyote, for if the people wished to practice deceit, intrigue, and polygamy they must have good precedent for it, so they made their Weyekin observe the same practices. Like people like gods.

The story goes that Coyote had a Son. And this Son had two wives White Swan and Tsalktsalk. White Swan was very lovely and father Coyote was most jealous of his son because of her, and laid his plans to get her to become his own wife. He asked his son to climb a very high tree to get something for him, and in his simplicity the son obeyed. As he went farther and farther up the tree and still saw noth-

ing his father would look at him and Coyote's look was so powerful that it had the repellant property of driving his son farther and farther on. So father Coyote looked at him, and looked at him, till he literally "looked him out of sight," and got White Swan to wife. The Son on his upward journey passed through three doors and finally came to another world, where people, like to Spiders, were weaving. These treated him kindly and finally when they had heard his story, gave him a sort of web by means of which he might get through the gates again and descend to earth. And he was told that on coming to the earth he might return the web to them by burning it.

Here is a glimpse of the idea of some one above who can help earth's creatures, and also the thought of returning or sending a message up by fire, as in sacrifice. And here may be recounted the real significance of the sweat bath.

The sweat bath as taken by the Indians was in the beginning a real act of worship. In the first place the idea was to attain perfect cleanness by sweating out all impurities so as to be ready to meet and obtain the Weyekin. In another religion the devotees must be of clean hands and pure hearts to commune with a perfect God. But in the work to make the sweat bath the idea of sacrifice comes out strongly. First, the stones are piled up as the altar of old, and over them the fire was kindled to heat them. When the rocks were hot and taken into the "wishtatammo" or sweat house, water was poured over them to make the steam for the sweating. As the sizzling sound begins and the steam rises the person listens to hear what the message from the steam is, to see if it expresses his wish as it goes up. If peradventure it does, the devotee will be heard to say, "Coyote, bring me money, or success in the hunt or fishing, or success in gaining the desired wife." Any similar wish or prayer may be taken up with the steam.

OYOTE also had a very beautiful daughter. So beautiful was she that she was wearied with suitors. It was known that Coyote was very fond of fish, and the daughter would go along the streams to get fish for her father. To her great surprise and pleasure everywhere she went she found strings of fish already caught and waiting her coming. These her suitors caught and placed in her way, so as to drive their bargains for her lovely hand. But about the time they were ready to approach Coyote to press their suit he had begun to loathe the fish, for they were so many and so frequent. Beaver was known to be the best fisher, so when he made his approaches to Miss Coyote, who knew the attitude of her father toward a fisher, he was chilled, and when he repaired to the old man he got the "tomahawk." For already father Coyote was longing for venison and hated the sight of fish, or a common fisherman.

Then as Miss Coyote went out to get a deer she found one ready for her; and she hastily prepared it for her father. Now it is known that no one is so quick to kill a deer as Fox. So while Coyote was enjoying his venison, Fox drove his bargain before he had time to get too much deer's meat, and he won his case and took Miss Coyote to his own tent to be his wife. But all the other animals planned vengeance on Fox and his pretty wife. So while they slept they burned the tent and them alive within it. Thus burned they started on their long journey to the spirit land. But Coyote was very sad and lonely without his daughter, and he desired to follow her. He learned from her that the only way that he might follow was to jump into the fire and be burned, which he did. But finding it too hot he leaped out again and thought he would trust to his power of

cunning and dissembling to follow her, for he found that he could keep near enough to Fox and his wife by following on the land to hear them talking and laughing by night, but he could not see them at any time nor hear or see them at all during the day. In this way he followed them many days and nights till he came to a great dark river. Here he found that the spirits had

entered a boat to be taken to the other side to the home of the spirits. He managed to get aboard the boat and be landed on the other side with his lovely daughter. After remaining with her a long time and becoming comforted and reconciled as to her being away from him, he began to plan a return to earth. When he was ready to go and was leaving, the keeper of the place gave to him a very small and light bag to carry with him on the way, the weight of which was almost imperceptible. But the keeper solemnly warned

him not to open the bag, under any circumstances, till he had safely reached earth and his home again.

Thus comforted and warned he was ferried across the river and started on his long homeward journey over the five great mountain ranges that he must needs cross before he reached his home. The first he made with a light heart, and with little fatigue, as also he did the second and third, but he noticed the weight of the little bag increasing slightly as he proceeded, yet took no worry on account of it. By the time he reached the foot of the fifth mountain he was compelled to take notice of the bag, for it had grown larger and heavier until he could no longer shoulder it as before, but was forced to draw it along for short distances only, and take a long rest between each tug. Finally when he was nearly to the top of the fifth ridge he sat there panting for breath for a long time, all the while wondering, wondering, wondering what in the world could possibly be in that bag, and what on earth could make it get so heavy as he proceeded, when it was so light at the start. As these questions revolved in his inquiring mind, he finally decided that it could do no possible harm to open the bag, and take a peep into it, since he was so very near the top of the last range of mountains.

He opened it! And as he did his heart failed him, for in an instant, before he could gather his always ready wit, there sprang from it all the souls of all the departed, together with his lovely daughter, and with a loud, fierce shout they rushed back to the darkness of Hades. Whereas, if Coyote had not opened the bag he might have delivered them all safely to earth again. But he had opened the bag—the forbidden fruit—and turned many brave souls back into Hades.

SOME COYOTE TRICKS

S COYOTE was taking a long journey down the Columbia River, he became very tired and weary and could hardly drag his legs along, for it was hot and the sand was deep. So ever and anon he went to the edge of the water to slake his thirst, or to wet his parched and swollen lips. As he did this once he saw down in the deep clear water some fine, juicy choke-cherries that looked most inviting to him. And he chuckled to himself, for if there is anything that Coyote, or Indian, likes better than choke-cherries it is more of them, mixed with a little salmon "tunnot" to give them the delicious salmon flavor.

On seeing these choke-cherries deep in the water Coyote was not long in making up his mind as to the thing to do. He removed his clothing and took a plunge for the cherries. He got a very refreshing bath but none of the coveted fruit. Looking again, they were still there, just as juicy and as inviting as ever, for in his floundering about he had not bruised them at all. So he tried his luck at diving again and again until he was exhausted, and falling on his clothing in the shade he slept soundly. On waking he stretched himself lazily as he looked up into the late August sky. Then he smiled indeed for there dangling above him, out over the water were the lucious choke-cherries. In his zeal and haste to gain his point he had forgotten to look up.

Journeying onward he felt that some enemy was following him, so he planned to throw off the enemy from his track, by catching the long, overhanging clematis vines, swinging himself far away and letting go, thus making long breaks in his tracks. So to this day the wild clematis is called by this people "Itsayeyanim pieks," or Coyote rope. However before Coyote reached

The Dalles he was very hungry again but could not succeed in catching any of the salmon. So again he must resort to cunning to obtain food. He sprang on a log and went floating along in the river near Colilo rapids where many people were spearing the big salmon as they leaped the rapids, going up stream. As Coyote floated along he cried like a very small baby; so one of the Indian women took pity on the child, and to save it from going over the rapids to certain death she swam out and got it, taking it to her home to be her very own little baby. She fed and lulled it to sleep, then went about her duties. While Coyote feigned sleep a most delicious odor came to his sharp olfactories which made him almost discover himself before the time was ripe. For on the outside of the tent not far from his little bed the women were busy boiling, baking, drying and pounding salmon, preparing it in every shape and style to tickle the palate of almost any one, much more a hungry Coyote. He withstood the temptation as long as he could, then looking all about he saw that the women had gone to the river to bring another batch of salmon that the men had landed, and had left only some small childern to play around and care for the new baby. Then he stole out and satisfied his hunger until he could hardly move, and loading up what he could not eat, made away with it.

Still some folks say that Coyote don't steal.

Mother and Child

Among the strange phenomena of the Northwest inland plateau country none works such wizardry as the warm wind that comes in the winter and is known as the "Chinook." The whole country may be pinched and shivering with zero weather, and white with deep snow for many days, and then of a sudden this spring zephyr comes from the southeast, and as it breathes on the frost it disappears like Sennacherib's host before the Angel of the Lord. As a deep snow crumbles and crushes before it, one is reminded of the cracking of wheat under a summer sun.

Thirty-seven years ago Umatilla County experienced the coldest and long-

est winter with the deepest snow that the oldest inhabitant recalls. Two feet of snow lay on the valley, with the thermometer below zero for many days. The herds of cattle and ponies were withering away in the storm. Even though they had food or could get the bunch grass they had no energy to go for it because of the cold, as the frozen ground made the blood ooze from their hoofs.

William Barnhart, the Indian agent, was much worried. The employees at the agency invested most of their time in keeping a fire going for their own comfort, and to warm any Indian that might straggle in. After the storm had raged many days, one day about noon, the agent in the presence of John McBean, the interpreter, Tom, the blacksmith, and a number of Indians sitting around, was heard to say, "I wish it would Chinook." Sokai, one of the Indians present immediately spoke up: "I will call Chinook, if you will kill two fat Government cattle for us to feast on." "Go, sir, and call the Chinook, the cattle will be ready for you," said the agent. "And John, you and Tom go with Sokai and watch him call the Chinook, and report to me when it comes."

Though hating to leave the fire, these two witnesses waded through the drifts and followed Sokai to his tepee, weighted down with snow.

Sokai immediately set his long lodge in order to "make medicine." So cold was it that the two witnesses had to keep two fires going in the long tepee to keep warm, while in the middle of it in the early afternoon Sokai began his incantations of song, dance, and drumming. Faster and still faster was his pace, louder his singing and beating and gesticulating, until he was in a lather of prespiration, as though he had just leaped from a sweat house, while the others were freezing. But warmer still he must make it. Five pine knots were near the fire. So he placed them in the flame till they were like flambeaus. One after the other of

these he inserted in his mouth and literally ate the flames from them, for he must make it hotter. Some rifle balls were heated next almost to the melting point and they were swallowed, sizzling as they went down, for he was now in a frenzy. He called for water which they rushed to him in a pail holding about a half gallon. He called for more water till he had drained this pail the fifth time. The witnesses feared to see him burst open, or fall down dead. But still he "made medicine," for he must make it hotter. At this point Tom's heart failed him, and slipping from the tent he called to John a moment later, "Come on out." "No, too cold," was the reply from within. "Come on out, John, I say, it is not cold." The high wind had been blowing on the foothills and Tom could see them in the bright moonlight already black and the summer breeze was bathing his cheeks. When John came out he and Tom went home in the slush long before midnight. In the early morning the great Umatilla Valley had not a vestige of snow in sight, but the Umatilla river was a raging torrent. The witnesses hastened to the agent's office to report their experience, and Sokai also was there. He had "delivered the goods." Then the agent was still more worried, for during the night, under the soft breeze all the cattle had rushed to the open country to feed on the high bunch grass; so he had to butcher his two best sleek and fat work oxen, for the demand was urgent, as runners had gone forth to summon all the people to partake of the "Feast of Sokai."

Do you ask how Sokai did it? Had you asked him, you would have received a blank and contemptuous stare because of your ignorance. If you were wise, you would have known that his Weyekin was in the south country, from whence comes the wizard "Chinook," and had communicated to him by "wireless" that the Chinook was coming. With more certainty

than the Government weather bureau, he drove his bargain and proceeded to "make medicine."

The Calling of the Chinook is a true story in every detail. The witnesses are still alive, and Mr. Barnhart, the agent, died only recently in Portland, Ore. Sokai, a child of nature, felt "in his bones" without barometer, that the "Chinook" was due soon. For some hours before the "Chinook" comes the temperature literally jumps from zero or below to 30, or even 50 degrees above, so any one could "make medicine" and call the "Chinook" without a Weyekin, for it is inevitable at such a time. Sokai was simply a more careful observer than his white brothers along this line, and so in a way humbugged them, a thing desired by us all, according to P. T. Barnum. Being a Medicine Man, like some of the modern profession, he must maintain the dignity of his calling, even though in doing so he knowingly gives his patients some "dough pills."

As to the suddenness of these Chinook winds the writer's experience will illustrate. To meet an appointment on the other side of McKay creek from the mission, he left home Sunday morning with ten inches of snow on the ground, and the temperature at four degrees below zero. Returning on Monday a hard crust on the snow cut the horses legs until they could hardly be forced to go ahead. Soon after crossing McKay the "Chinook" began which rendered the creek impassable for more than a week, for higher in the mountains there were two or three feet of snow which literally fell into the creek. Those who witnessed it said that great slides of snow were carried into the stream which did not melt until they reached its current.

THE SEED OF A MARTYR

EAR his father's tepee played a little Indian boy, a two-year-old, some sixty-five years ago. He may have seen the anxious look on his father's face, the silent weeping of his troubled mother, and the hurried visits of other chiefs to the tent, or he may have heard the hot words spoken in conversation with them, but he comprehended not the purport of it all. His father had said as these men went out, "Go cowards, and kill your best friend, I will take no part in it." Then because something dreadful happened, he saw the hurried breaking of camp, and moved from dear old haunts along Yellow Hawk Creek, for it was this child's father that gave the creek the name which it still bears. He was chief Yellow Hawk, the life-long friend of the first missionary, who refused to take part in the massacre of Dr. Marcus Whitman in 1847, and branded it as a deed of cowards. The earliest recollection of this child was of his father gathering all the family together to sing and pray. He early perceived that these were not the chants and incantations used in many camps on festive occasions and in cases of sickness by the medicine men to worship and call in the help of their Weyekin. Later he understood that these songs had been taught them by Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, and that the prayers were a part of the worship of the true God and of His Son Jesus Christ. By such faithful ones as his father the altar fires were kept burning in many of the nomes during those long, dark days from 1847 to 1882 in which year a church was organized on the Umatilla reservation whither this father had moved his family, with the other Indians who had formerly lived near Waiilatpu. Through the faithfulness of such parents some of the children embraced the Christian religion, as did Yellow Hawk's son, who was given the name of Philip Minthorn. In

response to a petition of these younger Christians the church was organized as stated above, and for the next seventeen years was supplied by different faithful Nez Perce ministers who came to remain only for a short time, or for a few years at most. The people had no missionary. These changes occasioned many long, hard and expensive trips to Presbytery, on the part of Philip to get a new supply, for the towns were far apart and the Presbytery comprised all of Oregon and more. Finally a number of those who had the best interests of the mission at heart, with Philip Minthorn as a leader and spokesman, petitioned the Presbytery to send them a young missionary who might live among them with his family, learn their language, and be a helper in every way possible. During all the struggle and dark days while some were opposing the mission and missionary this son of old Yellow Hawk stood firmly, almost alone (a characteristic not too common among the Indians, for they love to go with the crowd) in his faithfulness to the Presbytery, to the missionary, and to his own ideals. How many times has our almost bleeding, but never discouraged heart been comforted by his kind words, advice and smile. One could always put his hand on this son of Yellow Hawk, knowing exactly where he stood. As his eyesight and strength failed his Christian spirit grew stronger. Though many times misunderstood, and abused by some, he maintained the same charitable spirit towards all. Having served the church as an active elder from April 15th, 1883, to April 18th, 1909, (just 26 years and three days) he retired from active duties with this resolution of Presbytery on the session record to his honor: "We wish to commend Philip Minthorn who has been recently retired from the active eldership of the Tutuilla church, for all his faithfulness in the past twenty or more years that he has been elder. We cannot but feel that it has been due in a large measure to his efforts that the mission

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has existed, and made its present progress and growth through all the dark days. We sympathize with him in his affliction of his eyesight, and will miss him at our councils in the future. May God's richest blessing be on him in all his future labors, and we would ask him to remember that he is still an elder, but for the time being has laid aside the active duties of the office.'' Space would fail to narrate the interesting accounts of others equally as faithful in their profession of Christ who were the direct seed of the hero who was stricken down at Waiilatpu, but who being dead yet speaketh. The last pupil of the Marcus Whitman mission school was Sarah (Ipna-tsolatalkt) who was a member of the Tutuilla church until her death, February 17, 1908. The history of the Tutuilla church and the individual members in it, its power for good on this reservation and radiating to other reservations during recent years from the series of evangelistic meetings held, are all to the honor of the martyred missionaries of 1836 to 1847.

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